Walk KNAVES, walk.

A

DISCOURSE

Intended to have been ſpoken at

COURT

And now publiſh'd for the ſatisfaction of all thoſe that have participated of the ſweetneſs of publike Employments.

BY

HODG TURBERVIL,

Chaplain to the late LORD *HEWSON.*

Si populus vult decipi decipiatur.

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GOOD COUNSEL AGAINST COLD WEATHER.

Beloved Brethren,

THough my profession of a Cordwinder be something unsuitable to this Teaching-Calling, yet my Text is not, I have served seven years Apprentiship in the one, and full as many in the other; so as being a Journeyman to both, I hope my words will deserve your attention and patience, for whose sakes I have travelled many a weary mile, and am now come hither purposely to instruct you, making choice of these words for my Text, *Hewson* 1. 2. *Now because the times are bad, and the Winter draws near,* (as the old Translation hath it) *therefore buy ye wax Boots.*

But if we follow the New Translation, according to that of our learned Monoculist and noble Commander Coll. *Hewson*, who is known to be the best and the ablest Translator of our Profession now living, we shall find the fore-going part of the text far more a-

greeing with the coherence of the words then the other: *Now because* (saith he) *the times are dangerous, and the winter approaches, therefore* &c. Or as he hath it more elegantly in his learned Comment upon *Crispine de Alle Vampandi, Chap.* 18. *Now because the times are wavering, and the winter of our troubles steals upon us, therefore plunder ye*, [mark that beloved, 'tis a sweet expression, and full of comfort] *therefore plunder ye waxed Boots*; As if he should say, Now because the times are fickle, because the times are wavering, uncertain, perilous, inconstant and changeable as the Moon: And in the second place, Because the winter drawes near, because cold weather approaches (in which we are like to find cold comfort if we be not prepared beforehand against it) or rather (as in another place he hath it) because the Winter of our troubles steals hastily upon us, and the wicked begin to domineer over us, let us be even with the winter and the wicked too, and steal as fast from them as they do upon us, which is warranted by these words in the latter part of the text, *Therefore plunder ye*, &c. But we will follow the old translation of *Crispine*, who was too honest to plunder, therefore (saith he) *Buy ye waxed Boots*.

In which words observe these parts:

1. The time present.
2. The condition of the times.
3. The season of the times.
4. The benefit or use we should make of the times.

1. The time present, *Now*.

2. The condition of the times, *They are dangerous, uncertain, wavering* &c.

3. The season of the times, *The winter approaches: Now because*, &c.

4. The

4 The benefit or uſe we ſhould make of the times, *Therefore buy ye*, &c.

Firſt of the time briefly, Now, now at preſent, now whilſt it is time, whilſt you have an opportunity to get money from the Malignant party; now (even now) before they riſe up again, and force you to flye for refuge to ſome neighbour Nation; provide you of Materials to do it; take from them their Horſes, Armour; nay ſuch bleſſings as neither you nor your fathers before you could either purchaſe or enjoy, their waxed boots; and this leads me to the ſecond thing conſiderable:

The condition of the times, *They are bad, dangerous, uncertain and wavering, &c.*

If the times be bad now, what will they be hereafter? Beloved, Man is a little world, the world is round, and ſo are we; the world is an hollow and empty thing, ſo are we; the world hath his times and ſeaſons, his Winters and and Summers, his Dayes and Nights, ſo hath man; he hath times of gettings, and his times of loſings; his Sommers of pleaſure, and his Winters of heavineſs; his Dayes of joy, and his Nights of ſorrow: Seeing then all theſe ſublunary things are thus tranſitory and wavering, let us lay hold of whatſoever ſtands before us, let us take all things that comes in our way, furniſhing our ſelves cape-a-pee, with the goods of the ungodly, implyed in theſe words, *Therefore plunder ye, &c.* and this brings me to the third Motive that ſhould perſwade, or rather invite us to do it, *Becauſe the winter approaches.*

Now becauſe the times are bad, and the winter approaches, therefore buy ye wax'd Boots.

Beloved,

Beloved, all creatures by natural inſtinct are taught to provide and lay up proviſion againſt Winter; the little Ant ſtacks up Corn; the laborious Bee layes up Honey againſt the cold Winter approaches; and will it not be a ſhame, nay a great ſhame beloved, for man who is a reaſonable creature, and hath more ſtrength and diſcretion then ten thouſand Ants or Bees put them all together; I ſay, Will it not be a moſt abominable ſhame for him to be ſent to the ſilly Ants and Bees for inſtruction, whilſt he like the ſimple Graſhopper hops and skips away the ſummer of his dayes in vanity and idleneſs, and afterwards in the winter of years is forced to periſh and ſtarve for want of food? O beloved, rather do any thidg then ſtarve; the Proverb ſaith, Poverty is the mother of miſery, therefore it is good to provide & lay up ſomething againſt a rainy day. Now what ſeaſon is more rainy then the Winter ſeaſon? and what is more ſeaſonable at that time, what better fence in the world for our feet againſt the rain, wet and cold, then a pair of waxed Boots? therefore buy ye if ye have money, plunder ye if ye have none, (for it matters not how you come by them ſo you have them) waxed boots. So now I am come to the fourth and laſt thing, the benefit and uſe we ſhould make of the times: Buy waxed boots, therefore buy ye waxed boots.

Where note, that the adverb *therefore*, is an adverb of connexion, for here it joins the winter and the boots together. Now beloved, ſince I have taken the boots in hand, give me leave to ſtitch them up in few words, telling you firſt how many ſorts of boots there are; and next what manner of boots thoſe be which are required here in my text. For the better explanation of which words,

words, you are to take notice that there are eight ſeveral ſorts of boots, I will run over them briefly, becauſe I ſee the time haſtens: I ſay beloved, there are ſeveral ſorts of boots, Firſt your Dutch boots, they are a people that will not put on a boot which is not as well liquored as themſelves; from whence I gather this Obſervation, That drunken men love drunken boots. Secondly, there is your French boots; O defie them brethren, defie them, they are abominably contaminated with the diſeaſe of their countrey; how many whole congregations of ours have they already infected with it? VVitneſs that lamentable ſnivelling and ſnuffling which of late hath ſpread it ſelfe through the bridgefallen Noſes of our ableſt teachers, for which no other reaſon in the world can be given then their riding the Siſters in theſe French Pockey boots: Here by the way give me leave to tell you the ſeveral names of this Diſeaſe; Some call it *Morbus Neapolitanus*, and *Morbus Gallicus*: Firſt, it is called the Neapolitan Diſeaſe, or the Diſeaſe of Naples; for it is obſerved by our wiſeſt Phyſicians, that ever ſince Naples commidities came over into England, this diſeaſe hath been very buſie amongſt us. Others ſay it came by another Italian trick, and that it was brought over by advice of Nich. Machavil in a Florence ſilk Petticoat, under which device it hath continued ever ſince; therefore beloved have a care how yon meddle with forreign VVenches Petticoats. *Latit Anguis in herba*: that is that Serpent the Devil lurks in their holes, and the Pox under their Petticoats.

Next it is called *Morbus Gallicus*, and not unfitly, for *Gallicus* ſignifies a Cock, and *Morbus* a Diſeaſe, that is,

as

as much as to say, the Disease of the cock; and truly it is well known, that the cock is the first part that is infected with this disease: But some will say, What do you tell us a story of a cock and a bull? Why verily beloved, a good cock is a good thing; and bulls leather is good leather to make waxed boots of; which brings me to the third sort of Leather, your *Russa* boots. Fourthly, there is your Spanish Leather boots. Fifthly, your Calves Leather Essex boots. Sixthly, your Slints skin, or abortive Parchment boots. Seventhly, there is your Hell-cart, or Coach-boat. Eighthly and lastly, there is your right English Neats-Leather boot, which is the boot intended here in my text for the Winter waxed boot: *Now because the times are bad*, &c. *therefore*, &c.

So now having shewn you how many several sorts of boots there are, give me leave likewise to shew you how to distinguish the good from the bad, (because I will not warrant all of our Profession to be honest men, since I know some who can stretch their consciences beyond their Last or their Leather) therefore that you may not be deceived in your choice of a perfect winter boot, you are to observe these four qualities.

1. The Grain
2. The length
3. The well joining & sowing
4. The waxing

} of the Boot.

First the Grain of the boot, beloved, there are several sorts of Grains, there are your Grains of Corn, your

your Grains of Muſtard-ſeed, your Beer and Malt Grains, &c. Next there is your good and Phyſical Grains. Thirdly, there is your *Granum vivens ſenſibile*, your living ſenſible Grains, (of which ſort I fear here are too many in this Congregation) that is, your Knaves in Grain. And laſtly, there is your Leather Grain, (the principal here intended) which if it be cloſe and compact, ſtiff and ſhining, you may be aſſured (of the firſt thing obſervable) that your Leather is good.

The next thing conſiderable, is the joyning and well ſowing of the boot; By joyning, you are to underſtand the even cutting and proportioning of the tops to the upper part, and the rumpings to the lower part of the legs of the boots. This properly belongeth to the Maſter, but the other of ſowing or ſtitching belongs to his Servant. Now in ſowing or ſtitching, you are to take notice, that you are not to ſowe boots as you ſowe Corn, (in which he is accounted the beſt workman who ſcatters and diſperſeth his grain beſt) but you muſt ſowe your ſtitches cloſe together, firſt on the inſide, next on the outſide, if ever you mean to have your Boots go thorow ſtitch, and hold out water when the Winter comes, and the wayes are heavy and durty.

Thirdly, look to the length of your boots; Brethren, a long boot hath theſe commodities. Firſt, it will keep warm, and cover that which hath covered many a Commodity. Next it will preſerve you from fretting and galling between the legs, (a diſeaſe which many a dear Siſter is troubled with, proceeding from the ſame cauſe though in a different manner) the man by hard riding, the woman by being too hard ridden.

A third commodity belonging to long boots is this; that if the vampings fail, the leather ſhrinks, or the ſeames crack, yet they may be often mended, and the boots ſtill do good ſervice, which reaſon alone (if the two former are not prevalent) are enough to perſwade you to buy long waxed boots.

Fourthly and laſtly, you muſt obſerve the waxing of the boot, in which you are to take notice, firſt of the matter, wax, and next of the manner, how to wax your winter boots.

Firſt of the matter wax: Beloved there are three ſeveral ſorts of wax. Hard wax, ſoft wax, and *Bees*-wax. The firſt is uſed for letters, the ſecond for Bonds or Indentures: But ſoft here, me thinks I here ſome one amongſt you object and ſay, If ſoft wax be commonly uſed for Indentures, why may it not more properly be uſed for ſuch boots as we commonly make Indentures in, when you and I, (and many more here amongſt us) come late home from Taverns and Tippling houſes? To this I anſwer, that ſuch boots ought rather to be termed *Dutch* liquored-boots, than waxed boots, ſince the head and the feet do ever ſympathize, ſo as the one cannot properly be ſaid to be full of liquor, except the other bear a ſhare with it alſo. I rather believe theſe boots are made of ſome Horſes skin that died of the ſtaggers.

The third and laſt ſort of wax, is *Bees*-wax, the only wax you are to uſe for your winter boots, ah but you will ſay, how ſhall I uſe this wax that you ſo much approve of for winter boots? why, you muſt know that this wax in the waxing of boots is not to be uſed ſimply, but compounded with hard tallow, which brings

me to the last thing you are to observe, that is, the manner of waxing your winter boot. Beloved, you are first to melt hard tallow with this wax, then you are to annoint and chafe in these ingredients by a good fire, at three several times, because once or twice will not be enough, by reason of the driness of the new boot, which will soak up the first and second time, whatsoever you lay upon it; I say therefore you must do it at least three several times, if you mean to have a perfect and sure well waxed winter boot.

So having now run in my boots through all the parts of my Text, and taken pains to give you many weighty reasons why you ought all of you to be provide of waxed boots. First because of the times, they are bad, Secondly, dangerous. Thirdly, uncertain. Fourthly, *The Winter approacheth, &c.* Next also I have given you Observations and Instructions, that you may not be deceived in your choice of a winter boot, but may easily discover it, First by the grain, Secondly, by the well sowing. Thirdly, by the length: Fourthly, and lastly, by the waxing; and also taught you the several Sorts of Wax, and how in what manner you should wax your wintered Boots. Give me leave out of the former part of the Text, to raise this Doctrine: That,

Bad times require good boots. I say bad times require good boots: because the times are bad, and the Winter, *&c.* therefore, *&c.* I shall explain my self to you brethren, briefly thus. I say, bad times require good boots; for verily beloved, the times are bad, very bad, and are like every day, for ought I see, to grow worse and worse; so as I fear, we must all of us

e're long, be forced to fly for our Religion. Now beloved, whither shall we fly? Marry 'tis a Question worth your answering, but I doubt there are few or none here, that know how to resolve me in it; for verily I am as yet to seek my self, where to run or hide my head, should the malignant party prevail. But perhaps, some will cry out and say, we will fly to *New England*, another he is for *Geneva*, another he is for a nearer place then both these, he will away to *Amsterdam*. Truely beloved, I must confesse, I cannot but approve of this place for the best, being it is not only the neatest, but the safest, and hath ever in former times, been found to be the only Nurse and Sanctuary, for all such as are like them, Dispisers of Royal Government, and Self-forms of Prayers.

But here will one object, and say. Is not this an Island wherein we now live, (I had almost said wherein we now dwell, but alas! if the times change, here will be no habitation for us:) and is not this Island encompassed round with a great Sea, will not all our shipping then be taken from us, how then shall we get over to *Amsterdam*; or what good then will our wax'd boots do us?

Beloved, this weak Objection, is easily answered thus. 'Tis true, that *England* is an Island encompassed with the Sea. 'Tis true, there will be no travelling out of it by Land, and it will likely prove as true, (if the wicked prevail) that our Navy will be taken from us. But O thou inconsiderate fool! whosoever thou art that raisest this idle objection, hast thou not the more need of waxed boots to passe through this Sea? hast thou not great and rough Waters to wade over, before

thou

thou canst arrive at thy Journeys end? Now if thy boots be long enough, (which as I told you before, you must be sure to observe, before you buy them for this purpose) and the Seams strong and well-waxed, so as they will hold out water, which you ought first to make tryal of, by wading in them over the *Thames*, from the Parliament-stairs to *Lambeth*, or from *White Hall* to *Stangate*, (for one of these wayes we must all fly if the Cavaliers prevail) you need not be afraid afterward to go over with them, to any part beyond the Seas. So as methinks, this also should be another strong motive, to perswade us to buy strong and long waxed boots.

But here some incredulous and fearful brother, will make a scruple, and say: should we grant you, that it may be possible for us, to passe over the Sea in waxed boots; yet how shall we do now the Winter is come on, the days short, but the Night and our Journeys very dark and long? I say, how shall we doe in these dismal and obscure nights, to find our way, through so pathlesse and uncertain an Element as the Sea is?

O beloved be not dismayed, be not cast down with fear! take you no care for that. Have we not a good and glorious General gon before us, and with the beams of his bright shining Countenance, will like the Sun, disperse those dark shades that doth cover the Waters. He is our Leader, our Guide by day, and our Lamp by night, who hath carried a living fire in the Lanthorn of his beak; which neither the highest Winds can put out, nor the greatest Waves extinguish, because it will ever continue the same, so long as the Splendor of it endureth.

But

But we will leave generals, and come to particulars, for I fear I have been too tedious in illustrating this Doctrine, wherefore I will only passe to an use or two, and so conclude.

The first is an use of consolation or comfort. Is it so, That waxed boots will preserve us from the cold; is it so that with waxed boots, we may passe through thick and thin; Nay, through Seas of Troubles, why, what a great comfort and consolation is it, for all those who have occasion to travail through bad and fac ways, to be provided of waxed boots. Beloved, there are (as I shewed you before) your Summer and your Winter boots. In the one you may travail reasonably well, all the yeer long, provided your ways, and the journey be accordingly. As for example: If you have occasion to ride your *Newmarket* ways, your *Banſted Down* wayes, your *Tiptry Heath* wayes, or your *Salisbury plain* wayes, then these Summer boots will carry you through; these will preserve you well enough, provided no raine from above, or durt, mire, and waters from beneath, do not offend or molest you. But should you have occasion in the Winter time to travel, your *Eſſex* wayes, your *Dunmow* wayes, your *High Suffolk*, *Farningham Caſtle* wayes, or those most abominable dirty, miry, and watry *Wiſbeech*, or *Ely Fenny* wayes; Oh in what a fine case would your Summer boots be, when they have been well washed in those filthy ways. How will they shrink together like parchment against the fire. Therefore buy you waxed boots.

And this puts me in mind of a merry, but a real story, that I have heard from a credible person, who I am confident would not tell an untruth, of a certain

young

young Gentleman, living not far from *Newmarket*, who was a Suiter to a fair Lady, dwelling at *Cholchester* in the County of *Essex*. Now this young Gallant, having never before, travelled five miles from his Fathers House, (imagined the same the Citizens Wife did, who having never in her life time been out of *London*, would needs perswade her Husband, that though she had but twenty miles to ride, and it was a rainy day, yet they two might ride safe and dry all the way, under the Penthouses:) So this spruce Blade, thinking all the World was heath ground, though it was in the depth of Winter, and his man perswaded him to put on his Winter boots, he would not go thither in any but a pair of thin Calves leather *Essex* boots, alledging this reason for it, That he new his Mistresse would love him the better, when she see he came to court her, in a pair of her own Country boots. Whereupon, he sets forward on his Journey; but mark Beloved what followed; he had not gone above half his way, before he took such an excessive cold on his Feet, that he was forced to alight at a poor blind Alehouse, at a place called *Black Chappel*, within three miles of *Dunmow*, where he had no sooner got a fire made, and his boots (which hung about him like Chitterlins, with much adoe pulled of) but he fell into a violent Ague, and was immediately compelled to take his bed, where he remained many days after. But I had almost forgot to tell you, that the poor Alehouse Keeper, where this Gentleman lay sick, did keep in his house a young water Spaniel, which he had newly taught to fetch and carry; this wanton unlucky Whelp, seeking about the house in the midst of the Night, for some bones to eat,

lights

lights upon the Gentlemans boots, which he no sooner meets with, but being desirous to put in practise, what his Master had so lately taught him, he takes first one boot, and afterwards another, and carryes them into the entry: where finding them wet and soft, instead of playing the Cur, falls to tearing them, and in short time pulled and knawed them into many peices. Now it chanced, that in the morning early, before it was light, the Old mans Wife (who also dressed tripes for to get a living) was called up by a Butcher, who brought her some inwards of a Beast for the same purpose, which she had no sooner received, but returning back through the entry, she unhappily stumbled upon the Gentlemans mangled boots, so as letting fall what she had in her hands upon them, groping in the dark, she took up all together, and carrying them into the Kitchin, (without lighting a Candle) first cut, and then washed and dressed them all together, and having afterwards well boyled the boots, amongst the rest in a Kettle, which over night she had set over the fire for the same purpose, she cast them into her sowcing Tub, where for a while we will leave them, and tell you what became of our sick Gentleman. Beloved, this Gentleman within few days after, began to recover, and waxed very hungry, so as calling his Landlord, to know what meat he had in the House, Truely Sir (quoth he) we have nothing but a dish of Tripes of my Wives own dressing, which if you please to have, they shall be made ready immediately. Well! well they are accepted of, and brought to the Gentleman, who sitting up in his bed, did feed heartily, till such time as taking up a piece of this long, lean Tripe (as he supposed

posed) and finding a string jagged about the edge of one side of it, he called up his Landlady, and desired to know what part of the beast that was? the Poor woman searching it, and distrusting what it was, but not dreaming how it should come there, without speaking one word, runs down Stairs into the Kitchin, where she was no sooner come to search for the Gentlemans boots, she finds the puppy dog tearing of the Vampings, which he had lately transformed them into Slippers. In the mean time the Gentleman would not be satisfied, but calls for her again to answer his question, who as soon as she was come to him, he againe demands of her, what part of the inside of the beast that was, he held in his hand. The poor woman, though fearful and trembling, yet wittily replyed, that she beleived it to be rather a part of the out-side, then the in-side of the beast, meaning the hide, and begging pardon for her carelesse, and the dogs wantonnesse, desired his worship to forgive them both, telling him plainly, that that peece he shewed her, was a peece of his worships boots, and that the threads, that looked like a purl or edging upon the tripe, was nothing but the jags of the Shoomakers ends which hung about it. The Gentleman at this accident, one while laughing, and another while fretting, caused the old man to ride away speedily to *Chelmsford*, for a strong pair of waxed boots, but what with his delay, (by reason of his sickness, and afterwards for want of boots) to visit his Mistris, whom he promised to have seen a week before;) she imputing his long stay, rather to a neglect and slighting of her, than his present misfortune, immediately contracted her self to another, who had formerly been

a Servant to her, and at his coming discarded him, by which means he lost his Mistris, his labour, his boots, and had like to have lost his life too, had he not happily recovered.

O beloved! let this sad example be a Caveat for all you who have Mistresses, to have a care of wearing Tripes, when you ride a wooing, least you be served like this infortunate Gentleman, who for want of a pair of waxed boots, was first cast into an Ague, next had his boots cast into the Tripe tub; and lastly, was himself quite and clean cast out of his Mistresses favour. Therefore buy ye waxed boots; which brings me to the second use.

The second use is an use of Reproof; to reprove all those who are self-willed, and cannot fairly be perswaded to buy them waxed boots. But to such as these, examples move more than precepts, wherefore I will only give you one or two more, and so I will make an end, for fear of tiring your patience. I read of *Alexander* the Great, that passing over a River in *Alexandria*, without his Winter boots, he took such an extreme Cold in his Feet, that he suddenly fell sick of a violent Feaver, and within four dayes after dyed at *Babylon*. The like I find in *Plutarchs* Lives, of that noble Roman *Sextorius*, and also in *Homer* of *Achilles*, that leaving his boots behind him, and comming barefoot into the Temple of *Pallas*, whilest he was worshipping on his knees at her Altar, he was peirced into the Heel, with a venom'd Dart by *Paris*, (the part only of him which was vulnerable,) of which he suddenly dyed, which accident had never happened to him, (as *Alexander Rosse*, that little *Scotch* Mythologist observes)

had

had he not two days before pawned his boots to *Ulisses*, and so was forced to come without them to the *Trojan* Sacrifice. He also further observes, that that *Achilles* (of whom *Homer* hath writ such wonders) was but a Shoomakers boy of *Greece*, and that when *Ulisses* sought him out, he at last found him at the Distaffe, spinning of Shoomakers thread; now this Boy was so beloved, that as soon as it was reported abroad, that the Oracle had chosen him to rule the *Grecians*, and conquer *Troy*, all the Journeymen in the Country, listed themselves under him, and these were the Mermydons wherewith he got all his Honor, and overcame the *Trojans*.

But what need I mention forraign stories, being my self an Eye-witnesse of the lamentable ends many *Suffolk* men, in the Seige of *Chelchester*, who being forced to keep Centry in that wet and boggy Country, (during which Seige, it was generally observed for thirteen weeks, not a day passed, in which much rain did not fall) I say these poor Country Wretches, were forced to stand up to the knees day and night, in Cold, Dirt, Mire, and Wet; insomuch, that for want of waxed boots, many of them dyed suddenly, others had their Legs rotted off, many their feet gangreened, and after was cut off; and few or none, but had Ulcers, Boyls, and Inflamamations, breaking out upon them.

Alas! alas! what would these poor Cripples do to run away, should the Times change, and the Malignants prevail over us? How must they be forced to bestir their Stumps for want of Legs, to escape the Enemy? This one comfort they will have above us, that whensoever they are taken by the Wicked, they will not

but find them stand complementing, or making legs for pardon; but they shall rather find them down upon their Knees, begging mercy and forgivenesse of them, whose persons they have turned out of their possessions, and whose houses these lame Creatures, have for these many yeers, converted into Spittles and Hospitals.

Thus I have shewn you what became of three great Princes, and of many poor *Englishmen*, who perish'd in these late Wars, for want of waxed boots. I should here give you an account, how and in what manner, you should know the right shape and fashion of a Winter boot: and likewise shew you, what manner of Heels are the best, the most suitable and serviceable for you against running or flying times, I shall only name them at present. Beloved, your Polony heel is good, your Wooden heels better, but those of Corke the best of all; for then will it be needful for you to make trial of a pair of High heels, and indeed you will then, and then only, have occasion to run, as though you ran for a wager; and for this use, your Corke heels are found by experience to be the best and highest in the World.

Lastly, I should have taught you the art of repairing, stitching, vamping, underlaying, and mending of your boots, and should likewise have shewed you how to choose the Soles of your boots; and also in a word have applyed these things to the good use of your bodies; but that I see the Glasse is run, and the time hath prevented me, I must be forced to make an end, concluding with the words of my Text, *Now because the times are bad, and Winter draws neer, therefore buy you Waxed Boots.*

FINIS.